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NOTICE OF ENLARGEMENT.

Arrangements are in progress, and will shortly be completed, for the permanent enlargement of the RAMBLER to 24 pages.

THE FUTURE FATE OF ITALY.

THE article in the newly-published *Quarterly Review* on Pope Pius IX. will take most of its readers by surprise. It gives us a view of his Holiness's character and conduct, which, to say the least, is altogether new. We confess ourselves filled with shame to find an English writer, himself born and nursed in the midst of the blessings of a constitutional government, reviling every step that is made towards the bursting of the bonds of Italy, in a spirit worthy of an Austrian minister or a Turkish vizier. We cannot but view with mingled pity and indignation the mind which can see nought with which to sympathise in the struggles for honesty, freedom, and justice now going on in that fair land; which can take part with the disciples of a Metternich, and discern nothing in Pius IX. but the rash meddling and impudent priestcraft of a man of middling capacities and grasping spiritual ambition. That such are the sentiments towards the greatest Prince of his age, which are entertained by that powerful and respectable party of which the *Quarterly* is a recognised organ, we cannot for a moment believe. Whatsoever may be the dispositions of the Tories and Conservatives towards the religious principles of the Pontiff, and however little they may share the feelings of ardent reformers, we cannot conceive them so destitute of all love for what is upright, courageous, pure, and just, or so deficient in good wishes towards men of other lands, as to cling with imbecile tenacity to the corruptions of the old Italian system, or to write of Pius IX. as a poor, "misguided Pontiff."

The great object of the reviewer is, to run down the whole race of Italians as incapable of any thing that is good and great; and to exalt the rule of Austria and the Bourbons, the friends of Austria, as the only government that is fit for the Italian kingdoms. In the eyes of this critic, there is neither talent, nor courage, nor

strength of character, nor religious principle, from the Alps to Sicily; the German soldiers in Lombardy and Venice are the only people to be commiserated for their sufferings; and the whole Peninsula, with the Papal States at the head, and Pope Pius madly urging them on, are rushing headlong to ruin. We do not intend, however, to enter at length into all the mis-statements, the perversions of fact, and the narrowness of sentiment, which characterise this attack upon Italy and its most venerated Sovereign, as we shall shortly give to our readers what we believe to be a far more true and trustworthy picture of the great Pontiff, and which, more than any confutation of details, will serve to correct the impression produced by the singular depreciation before us.

At the same time, it is impossible to conceal our conviction that it is more than possible that the smooth course of renovation, now rapidly going forward, may speedily be broken-in upon by events which may materially interfere with a rapid consummation of what has been so auspiciously commenced. It is impossible to avoid perceiving that the Pontiff and the more enlightened Italian princes have to deal with a fearfully inflammable body of materials, which in a moment may explode and shatter all around them. The evil results of generations of bad government are not to be remedied in a year or two. That severance between earnest religiousness, and the love of constitutional freedom, which has unhappily for a long time too much prevailed abroad, is not to be supplanted in a day, by that cordial union between the two, which the Christian patriot so ardently desires to see. That terrible result of tyranny, the deterioration of the race who are oppressed, has unquestionably so far been accomplished in the Italian people, as to make the first years of any approach to political liberty a time of the deepest anxiety. The captive, when his fetters are first stripped off, cannot move with the grace and freedom of him whose limbs have never been shackled. The slave, whom a heartless master has taught the vices of the slavish soul, is not gifted with the lofty virtues of the free man, the first moment that he walks abroad from his bondage. Italy may, and must, endure much, before she enjoys the tranquil blessings of rational liberty, even if her abuse of the boon shall not serve to rivet her chains more closely hereafter. Those infidel minds, which are now conciliated, but not converted, will probably embarrass the movements of Pius and the reforming sovereigns, and place obstacles in the way of future improvements which perhaps may never be surmounted.

Nor can we forget that the adjustment of the Pope's spiritual claims with his rights as a temporal prince is a matter of the utmost delicacy, which may throw him into difficulties unknown to mere secular sovereigns. The problem, whether the Head of the Church can be a constitutional monarch, has yet to be solved. History furnishes no parallel cases from which we may deduce its solution. Is it practicable to give full force to the new spirit of government, without a far more radical

change in the constitution of the Papal States than his Holiness at present contemplates? Can the new institutions be worked without lowering the Pontiff—or, as many would say, without *elevating* him—to the position which is held by the monarch of Great Britain and Ireland? Will the successor of Pius be an absolute prince, or a constitutional sovereign? Will he be any thing more than the chief estate in his realm? Will the power of the *motu proprio* in secular affairs any longer exist, except in the forms in which the same power is exercised by Queen Victoria? Will the faculty of laying on taxes remain ultimately with his Holiness, or (as with us) with a chamber of Representatives? Who can answer these questions? Who can dive into futurity, and bring forth to our expectant eyes the infallible reply?

And yet further, it were mere blindness to imagine that the Church Catholic, even in the see of her Head upon earth, will not be compelled to meet and cope with that which is emphatically the great idea of the time; we mean, the theory which advocates the separation of the Church from the State. Through many nations of Europe there is growing up a deep, earnest conviction, that the day of Church Establishments is past; and that it would be better for the interests of pure religion, that the bond between the spiritual and the secular power should be severed by a friendly agreement between both the contracting parties. In England and Scotland, this idea spreads and deepens every day that passes. Every incident that disturbs the theological atmosphere; the conflicts that arise through the struggles for existence of Puseyism, of Evangelicalism, of the Free Kirk, and of every division of opinion which is truly in earnest; the warfare between premiers and bishops, between heads of colleges and private clergymen; all tends in one direction; to impress upon the minds of the most unworldly and devout, that, whatever might have been good for past ages, the Church and the State should now “part good friends” with the utmost practicable speed. Already the separation has been more or less accomplished in many kingdoms; neither in France, or Belgium, or Holland, or in many parts of Germany, does there now exist any thing that can be called a recognition by the state of any one religious system as its own; while in the gigantic, energetic, restless world across the Atlantic, Protestant and Catholic, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, Methodist and Socinian, unite as cordially in upholding the present separation of the spiritual and the temporal powers, as in maintaining the independence of their own youthful republic.

To suppose that this mighty spirit will stop short of the shores of Italy, especially when the principles and habits of a representative government and of free institutions are wrought into the minds of her people, we believe to be an utter delusion. The same stern voice which will demand the abolition of the union of Church and State in England, Ireland, and Scotland,—not on Catholic, but on general grounds,—the same voice will cry aloud in Turin, in Florence, in Milan, in Naples; yes, even within the walls of Rome herself. It will be an impossibility to silence that determined cry; already it mutters in no timid whispers within our own land and on the broad European continent; and the day will come, we cannot but believe, when it will shout in triumph, and express the conquest of the principle to which it gives utterance, with the same absolute dominion over men’s minds with which the ideas of the great Pontiffs—the Innocents and the Gregories of other days—once swayed the heart of every man that called himself Christian.

And that the reigning Pontiff is, with his own hand, helping on that consummation, and hastening the day when the Pope must meet this spirit face to face, either to quell or to embrace it, we cannot for a moment doubt. Most ardently as we sympathise in all that his Holiness is accomplishing, and deep as is our veneration for his office and his person, we do not pretend to conceal from ourselves the conviction, that the present changes *may* lead to results for which few of those who advocate them are at all prepared. Rome is already a revolutionised state. In less than two years, *she has undergone the most extensive and fundamental change which has ever been accomplished without violence and bloodshed.* We look upon Pius the Ninth as the greatest reformer whom the world has ever seen. In him are united official and personal qualifications, which, joined with a singular combination of circumstances, have enabled him to revolutionise the most conservative of kingdoms in a few months, without injuring a solitary individual. Is it to be conceived, then, that such a sweeping away of a system which has endured for ages, can, by any possibility, take place without inviting the rush of a crowd of ideas and sentiments wholly foreign to the principles of the reform itself, but yet inevitably attaching themselves to its train? Can his Holiness introduce the political *institutions* of Great Britain without her political *opinions*? Can he make his people free, and not see them fall in with the notions of all the other free men who exist in the civilised world? Deep as are our anxieties; ardent as are our longings for the deliverance of Italy from her bondage; and fervently as we deprecate the introduction of every untried scheme in religion, until the institutions that exist are manifestly worn out; we cannot but look forward to a day of conflict in the Church on this momentous question; and we cannot but see that the events of the last two years have spread out the battle-field, and summoned the antagonist hosts to the struggle. We venture no opinions of our own on the matter; it is all too new, too strange, too mysterious, for us to presume on any positive thoughts on a topic involving such tremendous consequences. But we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that in introducing (as we have said) the political *institutions* of England and other free countries into Rome, not only must his Holiness inevitably introduce our political *ideas*, but that he has given them a legal existence, an energetic vitality, which it will hereafter be impossible to overlook, or perhaps to resist.

Wherein, then, lies our confidence and hope for the future? How can we entertain such a cordial sympathy for all that Pius IX. is now accomplishing in his own states, and for the work to which his example has given birth in the other Italian kingdoms? Is it wise, is it prudent, is it humble, to risk such tremendous changes for the sake of a possible good? Would it not have been better to have patched up the old state of things as far as possible, rather than open the door to an absolute revolution, involving experiments of the most incalculable moment? Our answer is twofold. Setting apart all considerations of general trust and faith in the good providence of God, which will watch over and guide for the best the destinies of His Church on earth, we see a double ground for rejoicing most heartily in these reforms, perilous though they may be admitted to be. In the first place, the old system was so utterly corrupt and rotten, that it must speedily have gone to pieces with a frightful crash, with a suicidal and irresistible force; and in the next, we cannot but regard the personal character of the present Pontiff as cal-

culated to carry through even the most hazardous of enterprises, in a degree which it is rarely given to us to behold.

What was the system of secular government in the Roman states when the present Pontiff mounted his throne, we need not specify in detail. In our first No. (p. 9.), we gave a brief sketch of the fearful peril in which it stood; and it is not too much to say that those foreigners who are most devoted to the Holy See in matters of faith and morality could not but discern the symptoms of a rapidly approaching political dissolution, which threatened every year more loudly, and promised to involve both its spiritual and temporal affairs in a terrible confusion. That such also must have been the conviction of a large number among the most influential Roman clergy is undeniable, from the simple fact, that they elected Cardinal Ferretti to the Popedom. When people talk of the Pope standing almost alone among his cardinals, *let it be remembered that this very Conclave chose him eagerly to reign over them.* Cardinal Ferretti was a tried reformer; he had not concealed his principles: there could not have been a man in the Conclave who did not know that in placing the triple crown on that noble brow, he was signing the death-warrant of the political constitution under which the Church and people of Rome had long suffered and groaned. Deep and ardent, therefore, as was the piety which still dwelt in the midst of all this secular corruption; unshaken as was the faith, and full of vital energy as was the purely spiritual element of the ancient fabric; yet few who have not had personal experience of the old state of things can tell what an army of officials, and what an array of pernicious habits, brooded like a vampire upon the States of the Church, and sucked the best blood of both priests and people.

Whatever, then, be the future lot of Rome—however fearful the struggle which the Pontiff may have to endure with the elements which he himself has summoned into action—however severe the loss which the Church may suffer, in her conflict with faithless friends and bitter foes—we shall count that Pius the Ninth acted the part of a wise, a prudent, and a humble man, in sweeping away the accumulations of ages of mistakes, and courageously venturing upon schemes untried by any of his predecessors. That he will *really* fail in his efforts, we do not indeed believe. He will be to the nineteenth century what a Hildebrand and a Gregory were to the days of old. As those great men seized the spirit of *their* day, and bowed it down till it served the ends of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, so will that prince who now sways their sceptre, bend the better portion of the spirit of our own time, until it owns the power, and does the bidding, of that faith which has survived the wreck of empires. Like the evil spirits of old, who in their agony confessed the power of Christ, the spirit of the world, yes, even its *evil* spirit, will be taught to *confess*, even though it should blaspheme and disobey.

Who that has any knowledge of Pius the Ninth can doubt that he is "a man sent from God?" Who that has had any means of penetrating into the secrets of his noble heart, and has an eye to discern good from evil, is not convinced that whatever be his natural, moral, and intellectual qualifications, nothing is so conspicuous in his character as the reign of divine grace in his soul? All who have known him say the same thing. While his thoughts are upon earth, his heart is in heaven. While a tiara of gold and gems is upon his forehead, in his inmost bosom is the Cross of Christ. He has taken the crown unwillingly; the Cross he clasps with eager hand, and embraces it as his dearest portion. Though

ever ready for business; though he seems never to tire of thinking and speaking; though he has his eyes upon the whole of Christendom; though he has already completed a series of reforms, which it is astonishing to contemplate, the last perhaps the greatest; yet those who know him best declare that he finds his joy, his happiness, his peace, when he stands to minister before the altar, or is prostrate in secret before the throne of the King of kings. We, who look on from afar, and read the reports of newspapers, and the conflicting statements of friends and opponents; we, who perhaps have fondly imagined that the irrevocable law, which places great obstacles in the way of every great achievement, should be reversed before the present sovereign of the Church; we, who from being too sanguine, may perhaps become too fearful, desponding, and timid; we may rest in assured confidence that Pius the Ninth is not one who will fail in the day of trial, and that the Almighty hand which placed him where he is has not raised him up for nought. He may not live to see any enduring result; he may be taken away, leaving apparently his work undone. This is but the fate of man. He who "plants" is often not appointed to "water" what he has planted, and still less to see "the increase." Yet, from his home in the Church no longer militant, will Pius the Ninth look down upon the land which he was called to rule, and behold the fair fruits of the institutions for whose accomplishment he has given his days to labour and his nights to care.

DISCIPLINE AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

CERTAIN unfortunate revelations concerning money-transactions have for some time past brought the English University system somewhat prominently before the public eye. There has been a little turmoil between Oxford tradesmen, proctors, masters of arts, and fathers of families. Each party lectures the others pretty freely; each has his own infallible remedy; each rushes into print; each appeals to some newspaper authority to settle the question. The heads of houses are lectured; the tutors of colleges are lectured; the fathers and mothers are lectured; and the tradespeople are lectured. Meanwhile, the undergraduates, who are supposed to be more sinned against than sinning, go on as heretofore. They boat, they ride, they dress, they drink wine, they smoke cigars, they run into debt, to say nothing of those grievous excesses which can scarcely be hinted at, much less described. And so they *will* continue to do, we have not the least doubt in the world, so long as the fundamental notions of discipline which tutors uphold, and which parents acquiesce in, reign in our ancient seminaries.

We are not about to plunge into this controversy, or busy ourselves with any of its little *pros* and *cons*. Much less have we any intention of entering the lists with Oxford and Cambridge tutors and fellows, or attacking the religious, political, and educational ideas which guide those learned retreats. Were it only from the sense we entertain of the good wishes and the laborious self-denial which are manifested by very many of those in whose hands is placed the instruction of the young English aristocracy and gentry, we should be the last to join in any wild onslaught upon them, or to condemn them as mere upholders of luxury and bigotry.

Nevertheless, we have not the slightest hesitation in declaring our opinion, that the fundamental idea of personal discipline which prevails in the great English Universities is essentially and incurably evil. The mischief does not lie here and there; it is not connected with this or that detail; it is something more than an irregularity in paying bills, or license in eating suppers, or a passion for boating, or faults in college-elections, or narrowness and unfairness in examinations. The unsoundness is at the very root of the tree; and therefore its leaves are withering, and its fruit is bitter.

Nor is it an unsoundness necessarily bound up with

the religion of the Universities; it is not a point of honour with the Church of England to maintain the present state; the mischief is not, in the eyes of many, in the slightest degree a result of any peculiar doctrinal opinions. It pervades alike every variation in theory which finds its home in Balliol or Oriel, in Christ Church or Exeter, in Trinity, St. John's, or King's. The system has made to itself a resting-place in the Universities themselves, and its infallibility is admitted by almost every person who is, or has been, in any way connected with them.

This radical error consists in the recognised idea of the position of the undergraduate during his residence in the college-walls. Every such youth is in words declared to be *in statu pupillari*; while in fact he is so marvellously little in such a condition, that at scarcely any other period of his life does he enjoy such a complete control over his occupations and his time. In a word, young men go up to Oxford and Cambridge with an idea that they are to be treated as gentlemen. Any interference with their conduct beyond the enforcement of a few rules respecting chapel, lectures, and college-hours, they deem an infraction of their rights, to be resented and resisted to the uttermost. And this preposterous notion is unquestionably the recognised theory of the Universities. The undergraduate is his own master. He spends his time as he pleases. He reads what he likes, when he likes, and as much or as little as he likes. He prepares for two or three "lectures," as they are technically termed, the lecture being merely the saying the lesson he has studied; but beyond that, it rests with himself how he will spend his days. He gives breakfast and wine-parties whenever and to whomsoever he chooses; he goes to bed when he likes, and (save when an early chapel-hour awakes him betimes) he gets up when he likes; he spends his money as he chooses; he amuses himself without being answerable to any living being, provided he is not caught in the lowest dens of vice; he attends the University-sermons, or not, at his pleasure. In short, he is literally almost "a gentleman at large." He furnishes his rooms, buys his pictures, orders in his wine, scolds his scout, and keeps his own hours; and is perhaps less bound down and hemmed in by the restraints of the circumstances in which he is placed than any other member of any class of men in England.

The Universities, indeed, cannot master the idea that they have their pupils *themselves* committed to their care. They cannot bring themselves to contemplate the duty of controlling, directing, and guiding the young man in the routine of his whole life. When they have given him a certain amount of instruction, enforced obedience to a few rules, and shewn a few gentlemanly civilities, the tutors conceive that their duty is done, and the undergraduate must take his own course for the rest. He must be treated in every respect as a man who makes an engagement to conform to a certain number of fixed laws and customs, and beyond that is as independent a personage as the father of a family living in his own home.

In this extraordinary notion lies the root of all the mischief which still deforms and disgraces our great seminaries of education. It is this absurd and anarchical theory which is the fruitful parent of all the scandalous tales which now and then appear in the columns of the *Times* and *Chronicle*, and horrify the anxious fathers and mothers at their quiet and respectable firesides. Hence the reprimands, the rustications, the expulsions, the long bills, the shameful stories, the infamous connexions, the blighted prospects, the wasted years, which are the bitter rewards that occasionally repay the parent who has stinted himself of the necessities of life that he may raise his two hundred a-year to send his darling child to Oxford. Hence that startling ignorance almost of the elements of a liberal education, which too often is discovered in those who have passed three long years in a pretence of study; and all that barbarism, prejudice, and narrowmindedness, which prevails in a certain class of University-men. Fathers who suffer, and people who desire to hold up the Universities to contempt, lay the blame on this or that fellow of a college, or this or that nonsensical or preposterous custom; whereas it is the system itself which is to be unsparingly

condemned—that system which weighs like an incubus upon the hearts of the most conscientious of the tutors; and, unknown perhaps to themselves, thwarts their utmost efforts for the moral improvement of their pupils. Never, until the University authorities open their eyes to the flagrant folly of this system, will those disgraceful revelations, in which their foes exult, be put an end to, once and for ever.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood. In denouncing the notion of treating the undergraduates as gentlemen, we are far enough from advocating any scheme for treating them as if they were *not* gentlemen, or as if they were mere schoolboys. Let them be treated as gentlemen, but also as young men *in a state of pupilage*. Let them come up to the University without any of those ridiculous and high-flown notions of their own importance, which make them the laughing-stock of every man of sense, even if they escape the sarcasms of their sisters and young companions. Let them take into their heads the belief that they are not yet their own masters, but are as completely amenable to their college superiors for the way in which they occupy their time, as they have hitherto been to their natural guardians. Let them learn to understand that they go to Oxford and Cambridge for the especial purpose of study, and for no other purpose whatsoever; and that every amusement, every occupation, every friendship, must be regulated in a most entire subservience to this one grand object.

That the heads of colleges, and the tutors and fellows, must also reform *their* ways, in order to carry out such a real, honest, and true system of education, we dare say. There must, doubtless, be a remodelling from the head to the feet. That debasing love of unoffending self-indulgence, which is unhappily so characteristic of too many long-established residents within the college-walls, must be swept away without a scruple. The Fellow must bear to learn that he retains his fellowship on the sole condition that he *works*, as well as the young man he governs. The whole burden and anxiety of conducting the studies of the University must no longer, as now, be thrown upon the shoulders of a few zealous and energetic men, who toil on from day to day, struggling hopelessly against the sluggish torrent of indolence, prejudice, and self-complacency, which rolls heavily along from year to year, and mourning over the frequent failure of their anxieties for the advancement of the youth about them. Until this is done, we are fully convinced that no *real* amendment can take place. They may patch up a few abuses. They may control one or two colleges, and keep them out of the newspapers. They may send out every year two or three good scholars and mathematicians. They may form a good connexion with the aristocratic and the respectable. They may publish pamphlets and translate German books. They may elect an Albert or a Wellington for Chancellor, and a Gladstone for a member of Parliament. But unless they reform themselves root and branch; unless they open their eyes to that absurdity in their fundamental ideas which is so glaring in the sight of the world; unless they realise all that is involved in the notion of *education*, and resolutely and rigorously act upon it; they will continue to furnish food for the insults of every scoffing simpleton, of every cross-grained and disappointed parent, and of all that mob of ignoramuses who count it both witty and wise to sneer at classical studies as worthy only of the devotees of ages long gone by.

To us it is comparatively of little moment what goes on in Universities where we ourselves find no admittance. It might even be imputed to us by some, that we rejoice in the shame of those who have displaced us from those retreats of learning which *once* were ours, and exult in every vile story which truth or malice may force upon the notice of the public. On no such grounds as these, however, we now write. It is from a conviction of the immense importance of these great seminaries to the general welfare of the country; it is because from them comes forth no inconsiderable portion of the legislators of the imperial kingdom, by whose wisdom and whose folly we *all* have to benefit or to suffer; it is because we desire to see every man do his own work in its best way, and act consistently and

conscientiously on his own principles; it is because slothfulness, luxuriousness, ignorance, insolence, and immorality, are a curse to the whole human race, from whatever quarter they proceed,—that we thus condemn the present University system, and express our conviction that Oxford and Cambridge will never become what they might be, even though wrested as they are from the purposes for which they were originally founded, until a radical revolution is introduced into their time-consecrated corruptions, and a new life breathed into their expiring frame.

Every day, let them remember, brings fresh competitors into the field. Every day destroys the old prestige on which they have long subsisted. Every day adds to the numbers, the learning, and the talent of other and opposing seminaries. And more than all, every day brings nearer and nearer a Parliamentary Commission. They may stave this off a little longer; people may not care to push it at present; the attention of abuse-hunters may be directed for a time to other and more ignoble game: but so sure as Magdalen Tower now raises its head in all its ancient beauty, to greet the admiring stranger as he enters the High Street of old Oxford, so surely will a ruthless hand be lifted up to *destroy*, if a friendly hand is not speedily at work to *reform*.

A NARRATIVE OF THE EXECUTION

OF

THE MARECHALE DE NOAILLES, THE DUCHESS D'AYEN,
AND THE VISCOUNTESS DE NOAILLES, JULY 22, 1794.

THE following narrative is translated from the pages of the *Correspondant*. It was found among some family papers belonging to the granddaughter of the Duchess d'Ayen, and bears internal evidence of being what it professes, the authentic account of an eye-witness. That eye-witness was a priest of the congregation of the Oratory, M. Carriehon, who was confessor to two of the victims, and died after the Restoration. The account was committed to writing at the request of Mmes. de Lafayette, de Grammont, and de Montagu, whose grandmother, niece, and sister, were executed on the same day, without their having had even the distressing consolation of a last farewell. The contributor to the *Correspondant* declares that the text has been scrupulously respected; that not a word has been added, nor a word withdrawn, notwithstanding the triviality of some of the expressions used. It is this very mixture, however, of fervent piety and simple familiarity, which stamps the recital with such affecting reality.

And as attempts have been made, even in this country, to dress up the horrible crimes which have made the French Revolution infamous, in the ornaments of poetry and romance, and to surround the chief actors in that tragedy with the glory of a stern but heroic patriotism, it becomes the more necessary to consider who were among the *sufferers*. In the narrative here given, "it will be seen what those victims were whose innocence it is wished we should forget, that we may excuse their massacre; it will be seen what that religion was whose name is mentioned in certain pretended histories only to be subjected to new outrages, and which was never more powerful or more fruitful than in those days when it taught so many weak women to die as martyrs die."

The Narrative.

The *Marechale* de Noailles,* the Duchess d'Ayen,† and the Viscountess de Noailles,‡ were confined in their hotel from the

* Born January 13th, 1724; only daughter of Charles Timoleon Louis, Duke de Brissac, peer of France, and of Catherine Pécoul; married February 23th, 1737, to Louis, Duke de Noailles, peer and marshal of France, &c., who died April 22d, 1793.

† Granddaughter of the Chancellor d'Agnesseau; born February 12th, 1737; married February 6th, 1755, to Jean Paul Françoise de Noailles, Duke d'Ayen, and afterwards Duke de Noailles, peer of France, &c., son of the Marshal and *Marechale* de Noailles, mentioned in the preceding note. At the Restoration he was called to the Chamber of Peers, and died October 26th, 1824, without male issue. He had five daughters: the Marchioness de Lafayette, the Countess de Thezan, the Marchioness de Montagu, the Viscountess de Noailles, and the Marchioness de Grammont, of whom the last only survives.

‡ Born November 11th, 1758, daughter of the Duke and Duchess d'Ayen, mentioned above; married September 19th, 1773, to Louis Marq, Viscount de Noailles, second son of the Marshal de Mouchy. It was he who proposed the abolition of titles of nobility in the Na-

month of September 1793, to the month of April 1794. The first I knew by sight, the other two personally, being in the habit of visiting them once a week. Terror and crime were every day increasing and keeping pace together; their victims were becoming more numerous. One day that it was the subject of conversation, and they were mutually exhorting each other to prepare for death, I said to them with a kind of presentiment, "If you are sent to the guillotine, and God gives me the strength, I will accompany you." They took me at my word, and eagerly rejoined, "Will you promise us?" I hesitated a moment and then replied, "Yes; and, that you may be sure to know me, I will wear a deep blue coat and a red waistcoat." After that they often reminded me of my promise. In the month of April, the week after Easter, I think, they were conducted all three to the Luxembourg. I often had news of them through M. Grellet, who with such zeal and delicate regard rendered them so many services both in their own persons and in that of their children; and I continued to have my promise frequently recalled to me.

On the 27th of June, a Friday, he came and begged me to render the Marshal de Mouchy* and his wife the service which I had promised them. I went to the palace, and succeeded in getting admission into the court; for nearly a quarter of an hour I had them in full view and quite close to me. M. and Mme. de Mouchy, whom I had not seen more than once at their house, and knew by sight better than they knew me, did not recognise me. Yielding myself to the inspiration of God, and with the help of God, I gave them all the assistance within my power. The marshal was particularly edifying, and prayed audibly with all his heart. The evening before, on leaving the Luxembourg, he had said to those who exhibited an interest in him: "At seventeen I mounted to the assault for my king; at seventy-eight I go to the scaffold for my God. My friends, I am not to be pitied." I pass over details which would be endless. I thought it needless this day to follow them to the guillotine, and indeed I did not feel myself equal to it. This seemed to me to augur ill for the special promise which I had made their relations, whom their death plunged into affliction, and who, confined in the same prison, had supplied them with so many topics of consolation.

What might I not say of the numerous trains which preceded and followed that of the 27th—happy or unhappy companies, according to the dispositions of those who composed them; always heart-rending to the beholder, even when the well-known characters of the victims and every external sign denoted a Christian resignation and a Christian death; but far more heart-rending in another way, when the contrary was the case, and the condemned seemed to pass from the hell of this world to that of the other!

On the 22d of July, a Tuesday, the feast of St. Mary Magdalene, I was at home, and was preparing to go out about 11 o'clock, when there came a knock at the door. I opened it, and found the children of the Noailles family, with their tutor,† who has not ceased to this day giving them every proof of a true attachment;—the children saddened by their recent afflictions and the continual fear of fresh sorrows, but with the gaiety of their age still playing on the surface; they were going out for their walk, and to take a little country air;—the tutor pale, haggard, thoughtful, and sad. I was struck with the contrast. "Let us go into your room," he said to me, "and leave the children in your study." We left them, and the children began to amuse themselves, while we passed on into the other room. He flung himself into an arm-chair. "It is all over; these ladies have been brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and I am come to summon you to perform your promise. I am taking the children to Vincennes to see the little Euphémie. While in the forest, I shall prepare these poor children for their terrible loss." Prepared as I had been for a long time, I was quite overcome. The whole picture—the frightful situation of the mothers, of the children, of their worthy tutor, the childish gaiety to be followed by so much sadness, their little sister Euphémie, then about four years old—all this rushed upon my imagination like a flash of lightning,

tional Assembly. He perished in the expedition to St. Domingo in 1804.

* Philip, Count de Noailles, Duke de Mouchy, brother of the Marshal de Noailles, mentioned above.

† M. Grellet, an old oratorian, who is still alive. He had contrived to establish an understanding with the gaolers of the Luxembourg, by drinking with them. On the evening of the 21st of July, he saw a crowd gathering before the gate of the Luxembourg; and an uncovered car, with benches suspended by cords to the rails, such as was used to transport prisoners from the Luxembourg to the Conciergerie. The gaoler said to him, "They are there; go away." He waited for them, however, as they came out. The Viscountess de Noailles recognised him, and gave him her hand at the moment she was mounting into the car. He followed her; and at the place where the street *Condé* contracts, as he was close to the side of the car, she looked at him, and without speaking made the sign of the cross three times over him. He thought he saw in that the intention of giving her blessing to each of the three children which he had under his charge. A little further on, one of the *gendarmes* of the escort, who had observed these signs, arrested him. He was detained an hour at the Conciergerie, but released on shewing his *carte de sûreté*.

impossible to describe. I recovered myself, however, immediately; and after some questions, answers, and other gloomy details, I said: "Leave me, I must change my clothes. What a commission! Pray God to give me strength to perform it." We rose, and passed into the study, where we found the children at their innocent amusement, as gay and happy as, under the circumstances, they could be. The sight of them, the knowledge of what they did not yet know and were so soon to learn, the thought of the meeting which was to follow with their dear little sister, all that we were ourselves feeling, made the contrast more striking, and sent a pang to my heart. But I restrained myself, and bade them good-bye. Left to myself, I was filled with terror. "My God, have pity on them, on them and on me!" I changed my clothes, and proceeded to make some intended rounds, with an oppressive weight at my heart. Between one and two o'clock, I broke off to go to the palace. I tried to enter, but found it impossible. I made inquiries of some one coming out of the tribunal, as if still doubting the truth of the news: the illusion of hope is the last to vanish. From what he told me, I could doubt no longer. I resumed my walk, which led me to the Faubourg St. Antoine; and what were my thoughts! what agitations of mind! what secret terror, joined with a racking headache! Having business with a confidential person, I opened myself to him; he encouraged me in the name of God. To drive away my headache, I begged him to make me a little coffee, and was rather better for it.

I returned to the palace at a slow pace, abstracted and irresolute, secretly wishing not to reach it, or not to find those who had summoned me there. I arrived before five o'clock; there were no signs of a departure. I walked sadly up the steps of the Sainte Chapel. I paced about the Grand Hall and its environs; first I sat down, then I got up; I spoke to nobody, but hid under a grave exterior the bitter anguish at my heart. From time to time I went and cast a sorrowful glance at the court-yard, to see if there were symptoms of a departure, and then came back again. I kept repeating to myself: "In two hours,—in an hour and a half, they will be no more!" I cannot express how this idea—which has always painfully affected me on the too frequent and sad occasions which have called it forth—haunted me while tortured by this cruel suspense. Never did an hour appear to me so long, and yet so short, as that which elapsed between five and six o'clock, owing to the various conflicting ideas that, coursing through my mind, encountered and mutually destroyed each other, hurrying me in quick succession from illusions of vain hope to fears unhappily but too well-founded.

At last, from the movements that were going on, I concluded that the prison was on the point of being opened. I went down, and proceeded to station myself near the bars at the exit, because, for the last fifteen days, no entrance into the court-yard had been permitted. The first car was filled, and advanced towards me. There were in it eight ladies of very edifying demeanour, seven unknown to me; the last, to whom I was quite close, was the Maréchale de Noailles. From not seeing upon it her daughter-in-law and her granddaughter, there came to me one faint last ray of hope; but, alas! they immediately mounted the second car. The Viscountess de Noailles was in white, which she had not put off since the death of her father and mother-in-law, and appeared to be four-and-twenty at most: the Duchess d'Ayen seemed to be forty; she was in an undress of blue and white striped. I had as yet only a distant view of them. Six men got up after them; the two first, I know not why, at a rather greater distance than ordinary, and with a certain respectful consideration which charmed me, as if to leave them more at liberty. Scarcely were they seated, than the daughter evinced towards her mother that lively and tender interest so habitual to her. I heard people saying near me: "Look at that young one, how excited she is! how she is talking to the other! she does not appear sad." I saw she was looking round for me. I could fancy I heard all they said to each other: "Mamma, he is not here."—"Look again."—"I have looked every where; I assure you, mamma, he is not here." They had forgotten that I had sent them word that it would be impossible for me to get into the court-yard. The first car stopped close to me for a quarter of an hour at least; then it moved forward. The second was on the point of passing. I held myself in readiness. It passed on. The ladies did not see me. I re-entered the palace, made a long *détour*, and went and stationed myself at the entrance of the *Pont au Change*, in an open space.

Madame de Noailles looked in every direction. She passed and did not see me. I followed them along the bridge, apart from the crowd, yet quite close to them. Madame de Noailles, still on the look-out, perceived me not. Uneasiness was legible on the face of Madame d'Ayen; her daughter redoubled her attention, without success. I was tempted to give the matter up; "I have done all I could; every where else the crowd will be still greater; it's of no use, I am tired out." I was

going to withdraw. At that moment the sky was overcast, and distant thunder was to be heard. "Let us try once more." Through by-streets, I reached the Rue St. Antoine, next the Rue de Fourcy, nearly opposite the too famous prison of *La Force*, in advance of the cars. Then a violent wind began to blow; the storm burst forth; flashes of lightning and claps of thunder succeeded each other rapidly. The rain was soon falling in torrents; I took shelter on the threshold of a shop, which I have always before me, and never see without emotion. In an instant, the street was cleared; not a creature was left, except it be at the doors, shops, and windows. The order of the march was lost; the horsemen and the foot-soldiers hurried on as best they could; the cars did the same: they were now close to Little St. Antoine, and I was still undecided.

The first passed in front of me; a hurried, and as it were involuntary, movement made me quit the shop, and drew me towards the second, and then I stood close beside the ladies. Madame de Noailles perceived me, and smiling, seemed to say: "There you are, then, at last! Oh, how glad we are! We have been looking for you so long. Mamma, here he is!" Madame d'Ayen revives. All my irresolution is gone. I felt in myself, by the grace of God, an extraordinary courage. Soaked with perspiration and rain, I paid no attention to it; I continued walking beside them. On the steps of the church of St. Louis I perceived a friend, whose heart was full of respect and attachment for them, seeking to render them the same service. His countenance, his attitude declare all he feels when he sees them. I slapped him on the shoulder in a fit of indescribable excitement: "Good evening, friend." Just there was an open place where several streets meet. The storm was at its height; the wind most furious. The ladies in the first car were greatly molested by it, especially the Maréchale de Noailles. Her large cap blown back left her grey hairs visible; she was tottering on the miserable bench without a back; her hands tied behind her. Instantly a crowd of people gathered there in spite of the pouring rain, recognised her and directed all their attention to her, increasing her miseries by their insulting cries, which she endured with patience: "Look there at that Maréchale, who used to live in such style and go about in such fine coaches, in the car like the rest of them!" The cries continued; the sky got darker than ever; the rain more violent. We reached the square, or cross-way, which leads to the Faubourg St. Antoine. I went forward, reconnoitred, and said to myself, "Here is the best place for me to give them what they desire so much." The car was moving slower; I stopped and turned myself towards them. Then I made Madame de Noailles a sign which she understood perfectly. "Mamma, M. Carrichon is going to give us absolution." Immediately they bowed their heads with an air of repentance, contrition, tender devotion, hope, and piety, which inundated my soul with sweetness. I raise my hand, remain with my head covered, and pronounce the entire form of absolution, and the words that follow it, most distinctly and with a more than natural attention. Never did they unite themselves to it with so much fervour. As long as I live I shall not forget that ravishing picture; worthy of the pencil of Raphael; after which all to follow was nothing but consolation.

From that moment the storm subsided, the rain abated; it appeared to have burst out only for the success of that so ardently desired on both sides. I blessed God for it, and they did the same. Their looks expressed satisfaction, serenity, joy. As we advanced into the Faubourg, the gaping crowd returned, lined the two sides, insulted the first ladies, particularly the Maréchale, but took no notice of the other two. The rain ceased. Sometimes I went forward, sometimes I kept pace with them. After passing the Abbey of St. Antoine, I perceived near me a young man whom I had known in former times. I was a priest; some reasons made me suspicious of him, and I became embarrassed. Fearing to be recognised I dropped behind. Fortunately he did not recognise me; he quickened his pace, and I saw him no more.

At last we reached the fatal spot. What passed within me cannot be described. What a moment! what a separation! What grief to the children, the sisters and relations who will survive them! As yet I see them full of health! What a blessing would their life have been to their families!—and in an instant I shall see them no more. How heart-rending; yet is there a great consolation in beholding them so resigned! The scaffold comes to view; the cars stop. I shudder. The horsemen and the foot-soldiers surround it; and behind them a still larger circle of spectators, most of them laughing and amusing themselves at this dreary spectacle. To be amongst them, without one feeling in common—what a situation! I caught sight of the chief executioner and his two underlings, from whom he was distinguished by his youth, his slight figure, and the air and dress of a would-be dandy. One of his underlings was remarkable for his tall stature, his corpulency, and the rose which he carried in the corner of his mouth, the air of coolness and deliberation with which he did every thing—his

sleeves tucked up, his hair in queue, black and frizzled—in short, one of those regular and striking countenances, but destitute of lofty expression, which have served as models to great painters when they have represented executioners in the history of martyrs. It must be said, whether from a motive of humanity, or from practice, and a wish to have done the sooner, the suffering was mitigated by their despatch, their carefulness in letting all the victims alight before commencing, and in placing them with their back to the scaffold, so that they could not see any thing. I was almost grateful to them for this, as well as for the decency and gravity which they preserved, with nothing laughing or insulting in their manner all the time I was there.

Whilst they were helping the ladies to alight from the first car, Madame de Noailles sought me with her eyes. She perceived me. How transporting a *pendant* to that first ravishing picture! What does she not say to me by her looks, one while raised to heaven, at another cast down to the ground!—looks so sweet, so animated, so expressive, so heavenly—sometimes fixed upon me in a way calculated to draw attention to me, had my neighbours had any to spare! I drew my hat over my eyes without losing sight of her. I seemed to hear her say: “One sacrifice is completed. How many dear friends we are leaving! But God in His mercy calls us. In that is our steadfast and sweet hope. We shall not forget them. Receive our tender adieus for them, our thanks for yourself. Jesus Christ, who died for us, is our strength. May we die in Him! Adieu! May we meet again in Heaven! Adieu!” It is impossible to describe signs expressive of so much piety, so vivid, of an eloquence so touching, as to make the people about me say: “Ah! that young one, how happy she is! how she lifts her eyes to heaven! how she prays! But of what use is it to her?” Then, as if upon reflection—“Ah! those wretches—the rascally priests.” The last adieu being said, they alighted from the car.

My feelings got the master of me; I was at once racked with grief, melted to tears, and filled with consolation. How I thanked God that I had not waited for this moment to give them absolution, or, what would have been still worse, till they were mounting the scaffold. We should not have been able to unite together in God, on the one side to dispense, and on the other to receive that great grace, as we had done in the quietest place and at the quietest moment that presented themselves on the way. I left the spot where I had been standing, and crossed to the other side; and while they were making the rest alight, placed myself in front of the wooden staircase for mounting the scaffold, and against which was leaning an old man with white hair, tall, stout, and wearing the air of a good sort of man. They said he was farmer-general. Next to him a lady of very edifying demeanour, whom I did not know. Then the Maréchale de Noailles, opposite to me, in black taffety, for she had not yet left off her mourning for the Marshal; she was seated on a block of stone or of wood which lay there, with her large eyes fixed. I had not forgotten to do for her what I had done for so many others, and in particular for her brother and sister-in-law. The rest were all ranged in several rows below the scaffold, on the side which looked, I believe, towards the west, on the Faubourg St. Antoine. I looked for the ladies, but could only see the mother (the Duchess d'Ayen), in an attitude of simple devotion, noble and resigned, totally absorbed in the sacrifice which she was about to offer to God by the merits of the Saviour, his divine Son; her eyes closed, and her manner no longer disturbed; in a word, just as she used to look when she had the happiness of approaching the Holy Table. What an impression I received from it; it is indelible. I often imagine her to myself in this attitude. God grant I may profit by it! At this sight, which was balm to my soul, there instantly came into my mind a passage of that beautiful letter from the Churches of Vienna and Lyons, on the martyrdoms of St. Pothinus and his companions; where it is said, speaking of St. Blandina fastened to a stake, and exposed to wild beasts:—“Her companions thought they saw in the person of their sister, Him who was crucified for their salvation.”

All have alighted. The sacrifice is about to commence. The delight, the noise, the jokes of the spectators increase and add to the horror of the execution which, in itself a merciful death, was rendered appalling by the three strokes which are to be heard one after another, and, above all, by the quantity of blood that flowed, and by that vociferous and tiger-like delight. The executioner and his assistants mount and arrange every thing. The first put on over his dress an upper coat, stained with blood, and stationed himself on the left towards the west; the others on the right towards the east, that is, looking towards Vincennes. His tall assistant is the principal object of admiration and applause for his efficient and deliberate air, as they called it. All being ready, the old man mounted first by the help of the executioners. Their master, when he was on the scaffold, took him by the left arm, the tall assistant by the right, the other by his legs. In the twinkling of an eye he is

laid flat on his stomach, the machine falls, the head is severed, and is thrown with the trunk, all dressed as it is, into a huge tumbrel painted red, where every thing is swimming *pêle-mêle* in blood. It is the same thing over and over again. What horrible butchery! How one's heart beats! Now is the moment at which one would wish to be far away; now is the moment at which one would wish to be near and mount at once, if prepared to appear before God; so sweet and easy does death, frightful as it is to those who are left behind, appear to those who depart with good dispositions, when one thinks of the circumstances under which life must be passed. How often do I regret not having followed these victims, when I think that the older one grows, the more one abuses the divine grace which is given!

The Maréchale mounts third. It is necessary to cut away the top of her dress in order to uncover her neck. Impatient to be gone, still I determined to drain the cup to the dregs and to keep my word, since God gave me strength to maintain my presence of mind amid so many horrors. Six ladies go next. Madame d'Ayen mounts tenth. How happy she seems to be to die before her daughter, and her daughter not to go before her mother! When she had mounted, the chief executioner snatched off her cap; as it held by a pin, which he had not taken care to pull out, her hair, lifted up and dragged with force, caused her a feeling of pain which displayed itself in her features. The mother disappears, and her excellent and affectionate daughter takes her place. What are my emotions as I look at that youthful lady, dressed all in white, in appearance much younger than she was, like unto a gentle little lamb going to be slaughtered! I felt as if I were assisting at the martyrdom of one of those admirable young virgins or saintly women such as are represented in the pictures of some of the great masters. That which happened to her mother happens to her also—the same inattention to the pin, the same pain, the same expression of it, and instantly the same composure, the same—death! What a flow of blood, gushing like vermilion from head and neck! “How happy she is now!” I inwardly exclaimed, as they threw her body into that frightful tomb.

I was hurrying away, when I was arrested a moment by the manner, the features, and the figure of the person who came after her. He was a man five feet eight to nine inches high, and stout in proportion, and of a very striking appearance. I had observed him at the foot of the scaffold. He had left his place while the others were being sacrificed, for the purpose of seeing what was going on. His height had helped his curiosity. He mounts with a firm step, and casts upon the executioners, the bloody bed, and the instrument of death an intrepid glance, with somewhat, perhaps, too much of pride in it. “O my God, grant there may be in him Christianity alone, and not philosophy alone!” This man was Gossin or Gossuin, who had contributed so much, while deputy, towards dividing France into departments. I have heard say that he had some religion, and that his misfortunes and his imprisonment had revived and strengthened all those sentiments, in which there is every reason to hope he ended his life.

After his death, I left the place quite beside myself, and then perceived that I was frozen with cold, on account of the violent perspiration and the heavy rain I had gone through, and which had dried upon me. But, thanks to God, I did not feel any inconvenience from it. I quickened my pace, absorbed in this harrowing yet most beautiful, most grand, most affecting, most consoling sight. I kept repeating what I have often repeated since: “No, I would not have missed witnessing this sight for a hundred thousand crowns. I never saw any thing to equal it. What profit may I not draw from it!”

When I left, it was nearly eight o'clock. In twenty minutes, they had made forty or fifty persons alight from the cars, and executed twelve. Soon I was in the street St. Antoine. I ascended the staircase of a house where a respectable family of my acquaintance were lodging, consisting of a husband and wife, and an only son, a charming child about four years old. “Here you are! Where do you come from so late, and so far from home?” “Ah! I have just witnessed a sight after which we should be the most senseless of beings, and the greatest enemies of ourselves, if we did not profit by it to labour more earnestly for our salvation.” I then entered into all particulars, which, by exciting their feelings, awakened my own anew. I ate my supper there, and left very late. I spent a very restless night; my sleep was interrupted, or intermingled with all I had seen or heard. The fatigue, which I was scarcely aware of at the time, made itself felt the following days; but, thank God, without indisposition. My soul was full of softness, and overflowed with a most sweet sorrow. “May my soul live the life of the just, and die their death!” Such was my frequent exclamation.

For a long time the remembrance of this event was used to produce in me a sort of trembling, a species of involuntary shudder, particularly when passing by the places so memorable for all I had seen or done there. This shuddering came from

the mingled sensation produced by the recollection, on the one hand, of their happiness; on the other, of the void they had left, the loss we had sustained, the separation and dispersion of their beloved family, and the ever-renewed dangers and calamities amidst which we lived.

The Friday following, July 25th, I was dining with two friends. After dinner, we abandoned ourselves to the confidential expression of our feelings, which, notwithstanding the melancholy tone of our conversation, seemed sweet to us through the reflections and consolations intermingled with it, and the discreet liberty that prevailed, at a crisis when all was license or slavish constraint—to such a point, that men feared, so to say, that the walls would tell of them. At five o'clock in the evening there was a knock at the door, and the same friend came in who had summoned me on two former occasions. "What brings you here?" "I have been looking for you these two hours. Despairing of finding you, I came here as a last chance." "What for?" "To get you to render the same service to the children's aunts,* who have been confined at Plessis, which you rendered their mother and grandmother. They are about to be sent to the scaffold." "Ah, my friend, what is it you are asking of me? I have very little acquaintance with these ladies, and it is not certain that they would know me, nor am I sure that I should know them." I object; he insists; my friends unite with him. I yielded at last, and once again took that sad—so very sad—way to the palace; it is the hour; the first cars come out, and stop to wait for the last. On the first were ladies, but they were all strangers to me. I examined, considered, walked backwards and forwards. "No, I am much deceived, or these dear aunts are not there, thanks be to God!" However, that I might neglect nothing, I questioned some of the spectators who were able to inform me; and along with the grief which the unknown sufferers caused me, I had the joy of not finding among them those I came in search of.

It was God's will to preserve them for the benefit of their families, by whom they are justly so much loved and respected, to procure me the privilege of knowing them as intimately as those whose life and whose death had edified me so much, and to restore to me in them all that I had lost in the others. May the almighty and most merciful God pour down all blessings upon their families, and unite us all with those who have gone before us, in that abode where there are no more revolutions, in that country which will have, as St. Augustine says, Truth for its king, Charity for its law, and Eternity for its bounds!

Poetry.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MR. EDITOR.—The very beautiful lines on the Nightingale in your last week's *Rambler* fall so easily into Latin Elegiacs, that I have been tempted to send you a translation.—Yours, &c. Q.

SUAVILOQUA, attentæ cantatrix parvula terræ,
Orbis principio nata virentis avis,
Edita primævo partu, generisque creati
Primitus ad nostrum sola relicta diem;

Cur adeo in medio ridentis lumine solis
Effusa est vocis vana loquela tuæ?
Aptius ad noctis nigras ea pertinet umbras:
Illa sodalities est unius usa tui.

Mille dies cantus, millenos quæque susurros
Arbor, apis, frondis gemma tenella, ciet;
Pulsa vocat populum sonitu campana diurno;
Te solam novit nox, Philomela, sibi.

Ergo funeræ nocti servanda querela est
Flebilis; ad lætum nil facit ista diem:
Acceptum referet tibi nox plorabile carmen,
Nec deerit tantis gratia digna modis.

Illius implebis tacitum dulcedine pectus,
Ut vallem et campos obruit alta quies,
Dum vario mulces vocis modulamine cœlum,
Et facis ut tecum concinat omne nemus.

Reviews.

Dombey and Son. No. XVI.

THE recent number of this still unfinished work is of the pleasing rather than the laughable order, and free from any affected melodramatic effect. Our friend Captain Cuttle, who, we confess, is a great favourite with us, plays a prominent part in it. He is one of those cha-

racters in which Mr. Dickens is so eminently successful. Goodness of heart, penetrating through a rough exterior, and accompanied with characteristic eccentricity, is ever painted by him with all the life of nature, and we are alternately amused and captivated. We think that Mr. Dickens's *slight* touches, indicative of the deeper feelings, and his description of the whole *medium* range of character, with its vices, foibles, peculiarities, kindnesses, meannesses, &c., cannot be too highly praised. But when he proceeds to paint with intenser colours, and reveal the secrets of the human heart, we cannot consider him equally successful. Accurate observer as he is, he does not shew a deep knowledge of human nature. He exaggerates both natural goodness and natural wickedness. That dressed-up animal of the feline order, Mr. Carker, who is meant to be a masterpiece of villany, is not, in our opinion, human, and fails, therefore, to inspire any definite feeling except disgust. Mr. Dombey is a caricature, and as such, and as doubtless intended to be such, we are not inclined to extend criticism too rigidly to him. Moreover, there is a substratum of truth in the character, and something so solemnly ludicrous in the exaggerated portrait, that we can excuse the extravagance. Edith's pride is unnatural; it is not a woman's pride, but the pride of Lucifer: the coldness and arrogance of her character are *outréd*, not caricatured, for caricature is evidently not intended, and cannot be pleaded in excuse for the exaggeration. And besides, the loftiness of her pride is inconsistent with the meanness of *selling herself*, which she is fully conscious she is doing; for no adequate motive is alleged, since she is represented neither, on the one hand, as abjectly poor, nor, on the other, as setting an inordinate value on money and situation. The circumstances, too, of her connexion with Mr. Carker—though we can well spare any further details—do not wear the semblance of probability or consistency; and indeed, her whole conduct, both before and after her marriage, is so extravagantly unnatural, as to deprive the character even of that kind of interest which the author seems to have intended should attach to it.

It is, however, the exaggeration of natural goodness that strikes us as the most injurious fault of the two. We see, with pain, a tendency to introduce to the sympathy and admiration of the reading public in this country a false representation of goodness, borrowed, as we think, though as yet wanting its revolting features,—for Mr. Dickens is ever moral and pure in his ideas,—from the worst class of French novelists. And our fear is, that other writers of a less refined moral taste and feeling will appear in the wake of this popular favourite, who, with a deeper design and a further aim, will develop the latent immoralities of Mr. Dickens's views and pictures of character to the full consequences of their, as yet, implicit irreligiousness. There are already more than symptoms of this result; and for this reason we cannot but regard the universal reading of works of this description with something of suspicion and dread. Mr. Dickens has been before the public for some years, and his style has now assumed a definite character of its own. The subtle evil latent in his early works has taken tangible shape and form. As long as he confined himself to descriptions of every-day life, such as are contained in those clever volumes *Sketches by Boz*, or in the inimitable *Pickwick Papers*, whatever other evil his publications tended to foster—and we think they were calculated to corrupt the public mind in those higher regions of taste and imagination which are so nearly connected with morality and exalted feeling—the particular mischief alluded to had no scope to display itself. A picture is but a picture; and it is fair to consider human nature in that way as well as in any other. As we can commit to paper the lineaments of the face and form, and the result is worth just what it pretends to be and nothing more, and we do not complain because it does not speak, or move, or think; so we may make human nature sit for its portrait, and exhibit it, as it is acted upon in the complicated events of common life, and under the varying circumstances of situation, which modify the vast variety of moral constitutions, and no fault need be found if we have not pretended to go deeper.

This was the case with Mr. Dickens's early writings;

* * The Marchioness de Lafayette, sister of the Viscountess de Noailles, and the Duchess de Duras, sister of the Viscount de Noailles.

but with *Oliver Twist* began a new series of compositions, rising to the height of the novel, of which *Dombey and Son*, the work now in progress, is a more fully developed specimen. The pictorial mode of considering human nature—an expression which we use for lack of a better to explain our meaning—is still maintained. We contend, however, that that which is lawful and good in its proper place, and while only a picture (grave or ludicrous, as the case may be) is intended, becomes positively immoral in its results when the writer pretends to take man wholly and entirely for his subject. Let it never be forgotten, that one of the most immoral, and perhaps, as being so highly gifted, the most profoundly corrupting of all the modern French novelists, Madame Dudevant, *alias* George Sand, pleads, as her excuse for the deep pollution and poisonous impiety of her pages, that she only *paints*. We do not mean that every novel should be a religious novel—far from it; but we mean that, as novels treat of man's whole nature, they should never omit those most important elements in it,—the religious principle, and the sense of duty and accountableness springing out of it. It is not enough to substitute for this a picture of well-balanced moral qualities, honourable conduct, or admiration and respect for some vague notion of abstract goodness; religion must be distinctly, yet unobtrusively, recognised as the ultimate motive.

Now this is not the case in Mr. Dickens's publications. We speak generally; and therefore passages, it is possible, might be quoted which, on the surface, seem to contradict our assertion; but this is the impression with which we rise from the perusal of his works. Strip his would-be perfect characters of some of their natural amiability, gentleness, sweetness, and instinctive preference of what is good and pure, and nothing seems to remain to preserve them from the path of vice. Yet these, we know, are not the real springs of virtue and holiness. Florence's character, lovely as it is, conveys to our mind, therefore, a moral untruth, and all the more so for its very loveliness. Eve in the terrestrial Paradise could not be represented as more innocent and perfect than is this untutored young girl; and yet all this goodness is represented as springing from the natural ground of the heart. She is virtuous as she is beautiful, because she is so constituted: goodness is an instinct with her; love and self-devotion of the heart to its object a necessity of that heart. It is true that there is an occasional touch of religious feeling; but it comes not in as a ruling principle, but merely as one of the flowers that spring spontaneously out of her pure and gentle nature. We are not sure that there is any one distinct recognition of the claims of duty or principle throughout. Florence endeavours to win her father's obdurate heart, because she has a loving, a tender, and a gentle spirit; and when she is finally repulsed and treated with brutality, when that persevering love is wounded to the death by his unnatural treatment, she flies his house. There is no struggle, no intervening stage of principle and duty coming in to prompt that same course of resignation which love had hitherto taught her. The band is snapped; and there is not a hint on the part of the author that in this there was any dereliction of duty, any thing to excuse, any thing to atone for. Had Florence been less loving, less affectionate, less humbly persevering—and all men and women are not so highly endowed with these qualities—what is there, according to Mr. Dickens's representation of her character, to have hindered this young girl from leaving her father's house at the first disgust she conceived, and throwing herself on the affection of Walter Gay?

Florence's story is prettily told; but will it bear severe examination? Will it bear to be brought to the test of duty? Stripped of the adventitious charms with which it is invested, will it even stand the test of propriety and feminine modesty? There is no person in the world so pure and blameless as to be above ordinary laws, because there is no person in the world who is ignorant of what sin and offence mean: such a character belongs not to our fallen state. It should be remembered, too, that Florence is not a child, but a young woman; still, it is true, in the first bloom of her womanhood; but at that very age when, perhaps,

modesty shrinks most sensitively from braving the world's censure, or overstepping the limits of feminine reserve.

And this suggests one further observation. We cannot express too strongly our sense of the warmth of heart and vivid perception of justice with which, throughout his works, Mr. Dickens pleads the cause of the poor and the oppressed, nor join more heartily than we do with him in reprobating that pride which causes one part of the social fabric to weigh upon and crush that which is beneath it. And yet we conceive that, seeing the evil and desiring to point it out, he occasionally oversteps the mark, and mistakes confusion of all distinctions in the social scale and contempt of the world's conventionalities for the triumph of charity and love. How can we otherwise account for the total insensibility which he makes his heroine display for all those lines of distinction which the feelings and opinions of mankind have sanctioned? Surely it is by Christian charity, mutually exercised, and binding together rich and poor, learned and ignorant, high and low—all equal in God's sight—that a true fraternity of feeling is to be promoted and established, not by a mere contempt and disregard of the conventional laws of society. For a young woman like Florence, therefore, to set these aside, where they exist and are generally respected,—not in the cause of charity, but in an outbreak, and for the relief of her own injured feelings, in order to escape from the miseries and trials of her state in life—is a violation of the laws of propriety and female decorum, such as both duty and good sense forbid. This is no act of Christian humility, but one of self-degradation; and there is no moral affinity between the two, even where their outward expressions bear some degree of resemblance.

This levelling principle, frequently peeping out in Mr. Dickens's works, is also imported from France, where that spirit is so rife. It is, when examined, like most other errors, a distorted truth. The cry of fraternity is the deepest and loudest demand of man's heart in these latter times. It is founded on that sublime truth—our brotherhood in and with Christ; and was unknown to the world before He came, "who was not ashamed to call us brethren." France, which ever displays in liveliest activity every feeling struggling in the heart of Christendom, carrying good and evil to their fullest developments, takes the lead in this effort for an universal fraternisation. It is the same great truth, rightly understood, which sends yearly from her bosom martyrs to China, which produces the Sister of Charity and the Brother of St. Vincent of Paul, and which, misunderstood and distorted in the mind of the irreligious and the infidel, produces all those wild schemes of modern Socialism, which are constantly blazing forth but to explode and give place to others equally absurd, and that fanaticism of equality, of which, along with impiety and impurity, her *feuilletons* are the apostles and preachers. And it is this spirit which we think we discern working its way into life in Mr. Dickens's pages. There is but the germ of it as yet; but that germ, we fear, too unmistakeably exists, containing the full flower of its after-growth, and waiting its time to expand in all its baleful maturity.

The interesting and amusing story to which we have applied these remarks is yet unfinished, and the author may therefore redeem in the remaining part the errors which attach to the earlier. If so, we shall be the first gladly to acknowledge and notice what will afford us much heartfelt pleasure from one whose writings give him many claims on our esteem and admiration, and who has procured us and so many others many lively hours and much hearty amusement. Mr. Dickens stands unrivalled in his own peculiar art, and possesses the power of exercising an influence for great good on the popular mind. It is, perhaps, superfluous to quote from what is in almost everybody's hands; but we give the two following passages as instances in point, exhibiting, as they do, such sweet touches of nature and generosity, which, while they make us smile, are calculated also to make us love each other, and love goodness and kindness.

" 'Captain Gills and Lieutenant Walters have mentioned, Miss Dombey,' gasped Mr. Toots, 'that I can do you some service. If I could by any means wash out the remembrance

of that day at Brighton, when I conducted myself—much more like a parricide than a person of independent property," said Mr. Toots, with severe self-accusation, "I should sink into the silent tomb with a gleam of joy."

"Pray, Mr. Toots," said Florence, "do not wish to forget anything in our acquaintance. I never can, believe me. You have been far too kind and good to me, always."

"Miss Dombey," returned Mr. Toots, "your consideration for my feelings is a part of your angelic character. Thank you a thousand times. It's of no consequence at all."

"With that Mr. Toots came out of the room, again accompanied by the Captain, who, standing at a little distance, holding his hat under his arm and arranging his scattered locks with his hook, had been a not uninterested witness of what passed. And when the door closed behind them, the light of Mr. Toots's life was darkly clouded again."

"Captain Gills," said that gentleman, stopping near the bottom of the stairs, and turning round, "to tell you the truth, I am not in a frame of mind at the present moment, in which I could see Lieutenant Walters with that entirely friendly feeling towards him that I should wish to harbour in my breast. We cannot always command our feelings, Captain Gills, and I should take it as a particular favour if you'd let me out at the private door."

"Brother," returned the Captain, "you shall shape your own course. Whatever course you take is plain and seamanlike, I'm very sure."

"Captain Gills," said Mr. Toots, "you're extremely kind. Your good opinion is a consolation to me. There is one thing," said Mr. Toots, standing in the passage, behind the half-opened door, "that I hope you'll bear in mind, Captain Gills, and that I should wish Lieutenant Walters to be made acquainted with. I have quite come into my property now, you know, and I don't know what to do with it. If I could be at all useful in a pecuniary point of view, I should glide into the silent tomb with ease and smoothness."

"Mr. Toots said no more, but slipped out quietly and shut the door upon himself, to cut the Captain off from any reply."

Borneo and the Indian Archipelago. With Drawings of Costume and Scenery. By Frank S. Marryatt, late Midshipman of H.M.S. Samarang. Longmans.

WE fear there will be a terrible amount of books written and made about Mr. Brooke and Borneo. We shall be thankful if we are let off with a good half-dozen at the least. The subject is too popular to escape the eye of those who compose and those who manufacture for the public taste. Hitherto, indeed, we have escaped pretty easily. Only four or five books and sets of illustrations have been as yet put forth. The last is Mr. Marryatt's, now before us. It is a goodly imperial octavo, with many very tolerable woodcuts and prints in coloured lithography, from drawings made by the young midshipman himself. The letterpress is compiled from his own journal and the journals of a few of his messmates, and is altogether highly creditable to their good taste and quickness of observation. It is straightforward, unaffected, and readable, without either slang or scientific jargon. It communicates also a large amount of information concerning the barbarians over whom Mr. Brooke has obtained so singular an influence, together with sketches of all the sailors saw and did among the Malays, Chinese, and in various parts of the Indian Archipelago. The *midshipman* appears somewhat amusingly in the concluding sentence: "We were not emancipated till the 18th day of January, on which day the ship was paid off, for which and all other mercies may the Lord be praised!"

The most interesting scene in Mr. Marryatt's pages is his account of the signing of the treaty between the Sultan of Borneo and Mr. Brooke:

"Our whole party met every evening at the small house which had been appropriated for our use by the sultan, and staggered fearfully upon its wooden legs under our accumulated weight, and we constantly expected that we should be let down into the water. Here we dined, and passed the evening in conversation, with our arms all ready at hand,—guns and pistols loaded, and the boats anchored close alongside of us, in case of any treachery. Every day an interview was had with the sultan, but no definite answer had been obtained to our demands. On the 6th, however, it was resolved by our diplomatists that no more time should be wasted in useless discussion, but that the sultan must be at once brought to terms. Indeed, our own safety demanded it; for the popular feeling was so much excited, and the people were so indignant at our

attempt to coerce their sultan, that we were in hourly expectation of an attack.

"At seven in the evening the party repaired to the audience-chamber, leaving their arms behind them; for they felt that any effort from five Europeans to defend themselves against so many hundreds would be unavailing, and that more would be gained by a shew of indifference. They landed at the platform; and the barge, in which were Lieut. Baugh (since dead) and myself, was ordered to lie on her oars, abreast of the audience-chamber, and to keep her six-pounder, in which there was a fearful dose of grape and canister, pointed at the sultan himself during the whole of the interview."

"It was an anxious time: the audience-chamber was filled with hundreds of armed men, in the midst of whom were five Europeans dictating to their sultan. The platform outside, with the wild and fearless Maruts. Not a native in the city but was armed to the teeth, and anxious for the fray."

"We, on our parts, were well prepared for fearful vengeance;—the barge so placed, that the assassination of Mr. Brooke and the Europeans would have been revenged, on the first discharge of our gun, by the slaughter of hundreds; and in the main street lay the steamer, with a spring on her cable, her half-ports up, and guns loaded to the muzzle, awaiting, as by instruction, for the discharge of the gun from the barge to follow up the work of death. The platform admitted one of the steamer's guns to look into the audience-chamber; the muzzle was pointed direct at the sultan—a man held the lighted tow in his hand. Every European on board had his musket ready loaded, and matters assumed a serious appearance."

"From where I was on the barge all appeared hushed in the audience-room. I could see the prime-minister Muda, and Budruddeen, as they rose in turns to speak. I could perceive, by the motion of their lips, that they were talking, but not a sound came to our ears. This state of things lasted about half-an-hour, and then there was a slight stir, and Mr. Brooke and his party marched towards us through the crowd of warriors."

"By dint of threats he had gained his point. The sultan had signed a treaty, by which he bound himself to respect the British flag, to make over to us the island of Labuan, to destroy the forts on Pulo-Cheremon, to discountenance piracy, and to instal Muda and Budruddeen into offices becoming their birth and high rank."

"I have since heard Mr. Brooke remark, that considering the natives were well aware that our guns were directed against them, the self-possession and coolness shared by every one of them were worthy of admiration. They never shewed the slightest emotion; their speeches were free from gesticulation, and even their threats were conveyed in a quiet subdued tone: and every thing was carried on with all the calmness and deliberation that might be expected at a cabinet-council at St. James's."

Ecclesia Dei: a Vision of the Church. With a Preface, Notes, and Illustrations. Longmans.

"Pro Ecclesiâ Dei! Pro Ecclesiâ Dei!"

WHITGIFT, *Archiepiscopus, moriens.*

LET no man henceforth judge of a book by its title. Still less let him judge of it by its dedication. Above is the title of this *brochure*, and here follows the dedication: "To the memory of those who trained him in the truth, and living by the rules, departed in the peace of God and of his Church, this sad Vision is inscribed by one who hears them, though dead, yet speaking." What was our surprise, after this grave and stately proem, to cast our eyes upon a keen and caustic satire, not without touches of sweet poetic sentiment, winding up in a tremendous onslaught upon the whole bench of bishops, and a *quantum sufficit* of deans, archdeacons, canons, and rectors! Who the author may be, we wot not: he only tells us that he is a frequent worshipper in Westminster Abbey. Whoever he is, he utters many awkward truths with no sparing tongue, and is not unwise in preserving the anonymous, so far as he can. A fragment or two will shew his poetry and his mettle, and furnish a taste to some who may perhaps be amused, if not edified, by his verses. We give first a few lines written in his calmer vein:

"Seven times a-day did praise ascend to heaven
From holy Church, and unto her were given
Graces seven-fold, whose hours of prayer were seven;
Nor tired they then of prayer and praise, the young,
The old, alike, sang laud with hallow'd tongue,
At noon of night, at earliest dawn, at Prime,
Tierce, Sext, and Nones, Evesong, and Compline time.
They rose rejoicing with the star of day,
And sang their souls to rest when daylight died away."

Here is one of his jokes, if jokes they be :

" Oh ! Peps or Pepys, whichso'er thou be,
Dyspepsia take thee : when we think of thee,
To us thou art a very dyspepsy."

And here a specimen of his views on the present episcopate :

" Immortal Philpotts ! man infatuate !
In wisdom dwarf-like, but in mischief great ;
Brother Benhadad's most approved mate—
For leading men to scrapes, then leaving them ;
First to command and foremost to condemn ;
Saved by swift flying from the surplice-rout ;
Against the Cross to wage fresh battle stout ;
A lordly Bishop and good Catholic,
Holding the Cross of Christ a piece of stick !
Deeming its presence on the altar-board,
Like Judas at the Supper of the Lord,
A thing to be avoided and abhorred !
Proclaiming, in ' court Christian,' that blest Rood,
Whereon his Saviour shed His precious blood,
A mere Nehushtan, good for nought, or good
But for the burning—thing of lath and dross,
A bauble ;—thus great Philpotts ranks the Cross !
Thus fain would seem to love the Church he hates,
Thus rates his Curates while the Cross he rates !"

This, however, is mildness and courtesy compared to his sketch of the whole body of bishops in order, at p. 48, which they who list can read and ponder on. The " notes and illustrations " contain all the strange, discreditable, and absurd stories which pass current in the clerical world, intermingled with hymns, texts of Scripture, and some few graceful or acute sayings. The following story, which we believe to be strictly true, is perhaps new to some of our readers. The tale is told of the Bishop of Norwich.

" No one, I suppose, can ever forget the two-fold electrical effect, first of a Bishop rising at a public (religious) meeting with these words upon his lips : ' Opposed as I am and ever have been to the Catholic Faith ' . . . and then of his being at this point interrupted by an ominous voice from the far end of the room exclaiming, ' Which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly '—words, it might be fairly imagined, that none (but a Bishop) could have forgotten or forsworn."

With all his extravagance, however, the author of *Ecclesia Dei* is, we suspect, an honest, tender-hearted, and conscientious man ; and if he writes furiously, it is only because he feels both keenly and deeply. His book, at any rate, we dare say will sell.

Notes from Life, in Six Essays. By Henry Taylor, Author of " Philip van Artevelde." London, Murray.

THIS volume is remarkable for great practical good sense, deep knowledge of the human mind, and, what are better still, high morality, and strong, manly conscientiousness. It is stored with maxims not only of supreme importance and profit to ourselves, but of generous consideration and truest equity towards others. A continued recognition of what is due to our neighbours, dependants, and society in general, is combined with the justest perceptions of what is conducive to our real interests and happiness. Like all Mr. Taylor's works, the present abounds in aphorisms of grave worth, sentences of condensed wisdom, which lie in the memory for use, as the occasion calls them into exercise. We know no modern author whose writings contain so much incidental " proverbial philosophy," naturally, and as it were unconsciously, interwoven with the staple of the work. Take the following passages as a specimen, which lie within a few pages of each other : they occur in the essay on " Money," which is full of sensible remarks and thoroughly practical advice to people of all conditions.

" The art of living easily as to money is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure, than upon one degree's difference in the scale. . . .

" Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want ; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it.

" When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision.

" Too much leisure leads to expense ; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time. . . .

" It is much more easy to desecrate our duties than to consecrate our amusements ; and better therefore not to mix them up with each other. . . .

" Borrowing is one of the most ordinary ways in which weak men sacrifice the future to the present, and thence is it that the gratitude for a loan is so proverbially evanescent ; for the future, becoming present in its turn, will not be well pleased with those who have assisted in doing it an injury. By conspiring with your friend to defraud his future self, you naturally incur his future displeasure."

Mr. Taylor's writings are eminently suggestive : he never elaborates a thought too much, or works a subject threadbare ; his moral dicta are always clear and expressive, and are stated with just that degree of emphatic conciseness, which makes the idea perfectly intelligible, and yet leaves room to the reader's mind to exercise itself in the appropriation, and to carry it out in all its practical conclusions. Hence his works are adapted to all orders of minds, and of this the present essays afford a striking example. There is enough on the surface, which is obvious to the ordinary man of sense, who reads for instruction, and seeks to know his duty ; while the principles of morality that are thus simply expressed are sufficient to supply a fund of reflection to the deeper philosophical thinker. We cannot but surmise, that the author's peculiar powers and character of mind have been nourished and strengthened in this respect at that Divine fountain to which he not unfrequently refers—the Proverbial Books of the Old Testament, and Ecclesiasticus in particular. We should not be surprised to hear that he had a singular devotion to these portions of Holy Writ, and that they were really and avowedly—and not as with the many in theory only—his textbook of religious morality. There are pages in the work before us, which almost read like a free practical commentary on the words of the son of Sirach, applied to the manners of society and the every-day life of the 19th century. We are far from meaning by this that the higher, or rather the more fully developed, morality of the Gospel is not recognised ; on the contrary the highest Christian standard is broadly displayed and held up as claiming our hearty allegiance. How truly Christian and evangelical, for instance, is the plain precept that follows, on love being the true sanctifying element of self-denial !

" Do not take too much credit even for your self-denial, unless it be cheerfully and genially undergone. Do not dispense your bounties only because you know it to be your duty, and are afraid to leave it undone ; for this is one of those duties which should be done more in the spirit of love than in that of fear. I have known persons who have lived frugally, and spent a large income almost entirely in acts of charity and bounty, and yet with all this they had not the open hand. When the act did not define itself as a charitable duty, the spirit of the God-beloved giver was wanting, and they failed in all those little genial liberalities towards friends, relatives, and dependents, which tend to cultivate the sympathies and kindnesses of our nature quite as much as charity to the poor or munificence in the contribution to public objects."

The admirable essay on Humility and Independence is written in a tone equally elevated. The incompatibility of pride with a proper self-respect and freedom of spirit, is stated in the author's usual pointed precision of style, almost with the force of a definition. " Pride has a perpetual reference to the estimation in which we are holden by others, fear of opinion is of the essence of it ; and with this fear upon us, it is impossible that we should be independent." While, on the contrary, the " invincible independence of humility " is as decisively declared : " Humility has no personal objects, and leads its life in the ' service which is perfect freedom.' "

The exemplifications of a true and false independence, and of the high moral superiority of humility, are forcible and practical. The author censures, with merited scorn and indignation, that weakness of flattery and unprincipled self-deception with which people accuse or absolve themselves, or excuse others, on the dishonest and false plea of humility. The whole passage contains lessons of high worth, and may be taken as a sample of the general character of the book. We give

it, though lengthy, *in extenso*, as we shall return to the work next week for a further remark or two.

"Humility, like most other virtues, has its credit a good deal shaken by the number of counterfeits that are abroad. Amongst the false humilities by which the world is most flattered and beguiled, is that of the professor in this kind who shrinks from all censure and reprobation of what is evil, under cover of the text, 'Judge not, lest ye be judged;' as if it were the intent of that text not to warn us against rash, presumptuous, and uncharitable judgments, but absolutely to forbid our taking account of the distinction between right and wrong. 'It is not for us to judge our brother,' says the humanitarian of this way of thinking; 'we know not how he may have been tempted; perhaps he was born with stronger passions than other people; it may have been that he was ill brought up; peradventure he was thrown amongst evil associates; we ourselves, had we been placed in the same circumstances, might have been in like manner led astray.' Such are the false charities of a false and popular humility. If we are to excuse all the moral evil that we can account for, and abstain from judging all of which we can suppose that there is some adequate explanation, where are we to stop in our absolutions? Whatever villany exists in the world is compounded of what is inborn and what comes by circumstance; there is nothing so base or detestable but it is the consequence of some adequate cause; and if we are to make allowances for all but causeless wickedness, there is an end of condemnation.

"The man of true humility, on the contrary, will not spare the vices and errors of his fellow-creatures any more than he would his own; he will exercise manfully, and without fear or favour, those judicial functions which God has committed in some greater or less degree to every member of the human community; but he will come to the task on serious occasions not lightly or unawed, but praying to have 'a right judgment in all things;' and whilst exercising that judgment in no spirit of compromise or evasion, he will feel that to judge his brother is a duty and not a privilege; and he will judge him in sorrow, humbled by the contemplation of that fallen nature of which he is himself part and parcel.

"There is a current and a natural opinion, that a man has no right to censure in others a fault with which he is himself chargeable. But even this limitation is founded, I think, upon the same erroneous notion of moral censure being an honourable privilege instead of a responsible function, a franchise instead of a due. No faults are better known and understood by us than those whereof we have ourselves been guilty; none, surely, should be so personally obnoxious to us as those by which we have ourselves been defiled and degraded: and may we not, therefore, be expected to be quick in perceiving them, and to regard them with a peculiar bitterness, rather than to overlook them in others? I would answer, assuredly yes; but always with this proviso, that to bitterness of censure should be added confession and humiliation, and the bitterness of personal shame and contrition. Without this the censure is not warrantable, because it is not founded upon a genuine moral sense; it is not, indeed, sincere; for though the offence may be worthy of all disgust and abhorrence, that abhorrence and disgust cannot be really felt by those who have committed the like offence themselves without shame or repentance.

"Besides the false humility under cover of which we desert the duty of censuring our fellow-creatures, there are others by which we evade or pervert that of censuring ourselves. The most common of the spurious humilities of this kind is that by which a general language of self-disparagement is substituted for a distinct discernment and specific acknowledgment of our real faults. The humble individual of this class will declare himself to be very incontestably a miserable sinner; but at the same time there is no particular fault or error that can be imputed to him from which he will not find himself to be happily exempt. Each item is severally denied, and the acknowledgment of general sinfulness turns out to have been an unmeaning abstraction—a sum-total of ciphers. It is not thus that the devil makes up his accounts.

"Another way is to confess faults from which we are tolerably free, being perhaps chargeable with no larger a share of them than is common to humanity, whilst we pass over the sins which are more peculiarly and abundantly our own. Real humility will not teach us any undue severity, but *truthfulness* in self judgment. 'My son, glorify thy soul in meekness, and give it honour according to the dignity thereof' (Ecclus. x. 28). For undue self-abasement and self-distrust will impair the strength and independence of the mind, which, if accustomed to have a just satisfaction with itself where it may, will the better bear to probe itself, and will lay itself open with the more fortitude to intimations of its weakness on points in which it stands truly in need of correction. No humility is thoroughly sound which is not thoroughly truthful. The man who brings misdirected or inflated accusations against himself, does so in a false humility, and will probably be found to in-

demnify himself on one side or another. Either he takes a pride in his supposed humility, or escaping in his self-condemnations from the darker into the lighter shades of his life and nature, he plays at hide-and-seek with his conscience."

Rest in the Church. By the Author of "From Oxford to Rome." London: Longmans.

WE have no intention of reviewing this book. It would bring us too far into the region of temporary controversy, and is also the production of so singularly constituted a mind, that we could hardly criticise it *fairly* without a larger knowledge than we possess of the peculiarities of feeling and of circumstances which have induced its authoress again to venture before the world with such a strange collection of theories. As it will, however, tend in a degree to add to the unhappy misconceptions in matters of fact, which were the result of Miss Harris's former volume, we do not hesitate to ask our readers' attention to a few words on one or two of the points which this lady most prominently puts forward.

She states that from her personal experience of the influence of the Catholic system, and from that of most others who have entered the Roman communion, the anxious Protestant Christian may be convinced that the system is one which depresses the heart and head of its devotees in an almost abject slavery, and that they who once pass its threshold too often mourn the day when they took the unhappy step. This positive statement has naturally had a twofold effect; it has, perhaps, deterred some few from following the example which others have set them, while it has furnished a topic of triumph for the enemies of Rome; and besides this, it has caused no little pain and sorrow in the hearts of the friends and near kindred of those who have lately submitted themselves to the Catholic Church in England. To these last alone,—and we know that many such are among our readers,—we venture to address what we have to say on this distressing subject. They have suffered so much already from all that has passed; they have felt, in many cases, so keen a pang at the thought of what they conscientiously believed to be the error, or the grievous sin, of those they loved; so cutting and overpowering have at times been the rending of old ties, old associations, old affections,—would that we had not to add, so cruel has been the casting off of the son by the father, and the daughter by the mother!—that any well-founded assurance of the utter fallaciousness of the statements of these two misguided volumes must be a welcome boon to many an anxious heart.

From a very extensive experience, then, and very extended inquiries, we do not hesitate to say that there is not a particle of truth in the picture Miss Harris has drawn of the state of mind of those who have entered the communion of Rome. We are not saying this controversially. We are not deducing any thing from it. We are not assuming that the peace of mind of converts is certainly a reasonable and enlightened peace, though of course we believe it to be so. We set aside all considerations of their being right or wrong, and only state, that with three solitary exceptions, viz. Mr. Sibthorp, Miss Marriott (both of whom have returned to the Anglican Church), and Miss Harris herself, we never even *heard* that a single person lamented what he had done, or that he had found any thing but that perfect liberty which makes a man truly free, with an abiding and ever-deepening peace and serenity of spirit. All with one voice testify to the same complete satisfaction. They make no profession of finding that all Catholics are sinless and perfect beings. They do not dream of asserting that in the case of Rome the prophecies of Scripture are set aside, and she is free from those conflicts and distresses which the word of inspiration declares to be the heritage of the true Church. They fall into no enthusiastic raptures in painting their own condition of mind, nor do they profess to be set free from the temptations and snares to which human nature is liable. But this they do unanimously assert, that the very notion of their being *slaves* never crosses their mind. They have every freedom they can in common prudence desire. They are as free to do what they will,

as a man is free to choose his food from among things poisonous and things wholesome. They no more think it a bondage to submit to a religious guide, than a sick man counts himself an oppressed creature when he yields his own fancies to the advice of a well-instructed physician. They have no reluctance in submitting their reason to what they cordially believe to be the revealed word of God. They are unconscious of any tendency to idolise a creature, even the most exalted of saints in glory; they *could* not do this; it would be abhorrent to the first elements of their faith; they could no more look upon a saint in heaven as possessed of divine attributes, than they could dream that by counting up the stars they would approach upon actual infinity. They know of no interference between them and their Almighty Father; no rude eye seeks to gaze into what is sacred to heaven in their inmost souls: they are left as much to their own discretion as they ever thought of desiring: they suffer no restraint which is not laid upon the highest prelates in the Hierarchy: they see no priestcraft, no worshipping of men's opinions, no attributing infallibility to this or that man, merely because he wears the sacerdotal character: in a word, their intellect is as *satisfied*, and is convinced that it is at length set free, as when in secular studies it follows the steps of a syllogism in logic, or traces the demonstration of a mathematical problem.

So, also, in what may be called their religious happiness and general feelings. Whatever real troubles they have in spiritual things arise from the consciousness of the little use they make of the means for advancement which are in their reach. Granting, as of course every man must, that religious advantages are not given with equal abundance to all persons in the Church, yet taking their own at the very lowest possible, they are as confident that they stand before a fount of living water whose streams they can never exhaust, as he who stands by the sea-shore is conscious that no mortal power could drain the ocean dry. The more punctually, the more carefully, the more humbly, they fulfil their spiritual duties,—the more exquisite the delight they receive, the more convinced they are that they have of a truth been given to know that pure religion for which the prophets and kings of old yearned in vain. And were they asked, if *any thing* on this side of the grave could induce them to forego what they have won, or to return to be what they once were, we are confident that not a soul would be found who would make the sacrifice.

All this we say, simply as narrating facts. We are not asserting that these feelings and thoughts are not so much self-deception and folly. We are not accounting for the sentiments of converts, or wishing to shew that the authoress of these books is afflicted with a morbid and perverted judgment, or that she is guilty of presumption, inconsistency, and neglect of her religious duties. We know little of her: perhaps we ought to say that we know nothing of her. We know only that having become a Catholic, she has published two tales to deter others from following her example; while, by the most unaccountable inconsistency, she deems it her duty not to retrace her own steps. Such a state of mind we confess ourselves utterly unable to sympathise with. We pity her; we admit also that we *suspect* her: we should also be curious to learn the opinion of her medical attendant as to her health, past and present; but we could rather unite ourselves to the fiercest and most uncompromising Protestant zealot who acted consistently on his own principles, than cast in our lot with the authoress of *From Oxford to Rome*.

One word more, only, to the anxious friends and relatives of converts to Catholicity, who may be puzzled and distressed by these singular tales. We entreat them to believe no reports about the state of mind of those who are dear to them, except from those persons themselves. Nothing is more easy than to make inquiries, or to probe these things to the bottom. We are convinced that no one desires concealment; no one has any thing to hide from those who take an interest in his happiness. And if every absurd rumour or imputation, of which but too many fly about in all directions, were thoroughly investigated and tested, there is many an aching heart that would beat once more at peace, and

many a furrowed brow which once more would wear the open look of satisfaction and happiness.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Orationes: ed. Carolus Halm.
Köhler, Lipsiæ, 1845-7.

THE advantages of this edition, which is conducted by Professor Halm, are many. To the critic who wishes to see the grounds of the text, this edition will furnish means of judging by the ample statement of the various readings at the foot of each page. To the teacher and learner, (neither of whom ought, however, to dispense entirely with the use of these critical materials,) the notes and prefaces will be found exceedingly useful. We shall say a few words on their particular merits, judging as we do by the portion we have read, which is done by C. A. Jordan—the *Oratio pro Cæcina*.

In the first place, that rash criticism which will not be at the pains of reflecting upon readings authorised by MSS., but emends the text till it is easy, finds no place here. Hence a number of most valuable critical and philological rules are introduced to the reader's notice, which would have been unnecessary for those critics who make facts, instead of accounting for facts. The notes likewise comprise a great deal of juristical and historical matter, which is so necessary to the understanding of Cicero, but often so clumsily given as to confuse rather than enlighten the reader. What further information is wanted is put into the lucid prolegomena in the case of this oration. If we have any fault to find, it will be in the references, which are made in several instances to books not likely to be accessible to English students, for information which might have been concisely given in the note itself, but which is not given. Each speech may be had separately, and the editor promises to pay particular attention to such as are generally used in schools. The edition deserves our best wishes for its completion; and we will venture to hope that Mr. Halm may finish Cicero's orations, and then undertake his letters, with notes and illustrations of the same kind.

Alexandri Aphrodisiensis Commentarius in Aristotelis Metaphysicos: ed. Bonitz. Reimer, Berlin, 1847.

THIS is apparently a laboriously and well-edited book. Alexander of Aphrodisia was one of the earliest and ablest Greek commentators upon Aristotle, and contented himself with commenting upon his master instead of criticising him, or trying to make out that he agreed with Plato. There is some difficulty about the genuineness of the latter books of this commentary; M. Bonitz's opinion (pref. p. 27) is, that they are in substance Alexander's, but in form the *réchauffée* of a later commentator. There is an edition of the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle going on by M. Schwegler, Tübingen, 1847, of which we have seen three parts: part i. is the Greek text, with various readings; part ii. a German translation; part iii. a critical commentary. It is curious to observe how much attention is being paid in Germany to the production of good editions of Aristotle's most important works, most of which have been re-edited since the appearance of Bekker's edition, quarto, 1831. We could wish that the other works may have the good fortune to find an editor not only for themselves, but also for the best ancient commentators upon them. The *Physics* in particular admit of being edited in this way; but they would make a good long job, even for a German critic.

A long job of this kind has been undertaken in another department by the learned speech-investigator (*Sprachforscher*), *Theodore Benfey*. We allude to a vast ocean of Greek grammar, which he intends shall emanate from his mind. "With the etymological reduction of Greek words to roots, (saith he in his preface) I here make my beginning." This forms, under the title of *Lexicon of Roots*, the first section (two volumes, making together nearly 1200 pages octavo!), as the foundations of Greek grammar. The second section gives the history of the Greek language up to its division (*Besonderung*), as an introduction to Greek grammar. The third section treats of the doctrine of sounds in Greek, as "an auxiliary to Greek grammar." The Greek grammar, in its proper sense, will first begin

(N.B.) with the fourth section. This huge undertaking does not prevent the author from occasionally amusing himself with publishing books upon arrow-headed inscriptions, or Sanscrit grammars. Of these we have one before us, and expect much from the latter. But while we speak thus mirthfully on these works, it should not be forgotten that they are really all concerned with one subject; Mr. Benfey, as far as we know, having confined himself to the study of language. The work before us will be found a lucidly arranged and thoroughly scientific book, written in clear idiomatic German, and accompanied with an excellent index which makes it really available as a dictionary of Greek roots. If things in it appear fanciful and strained to those unversed in etymological studies, we shall not be surprised. Etymology is a science, and has, like any other science, its principles and axioms; but it cannot always be made palpable to those who have not studied a science that the rules it gives include the examples which the masters of it put under them; neither will sciolists call to mind how necessary it is in all sciences to make rules, not perfectly satisfactory even to their authors, but yet serving the purpose of makeshifts, or scaffolding, or other temporary erection, without which, *progress* is absolutely impossible. This book is, however, making allowances for such imperfections as these, an admirable work in its way. Perhaps at some future time we may say something about the importance of etymology as a branch of education; but meantime we may recommend these volumes to those already convinced of its importance. We think that the Sanscrit grammar announced by Mr. Benfey ought not to be taken as any symptom whatever of unsteadiness of mind. In all probability the study required for it is quite indispensable in order to a proper treatment of many questions in the Greek grammar; and in many respects the two pursuits would be perfectly co-ordinate. Rather we would entertain a hope that the candid and clear-minded author will put down copious notes for a scientific Latin grammar as he goes on. As far as we know this is a great desideratum; and modern investigations have left Latin grammarians still going on in the old humdrum way, with no re-adjustment of declensions and conjugations. But, lest our readers should fancy we have got a hobby-horse likely to ride off with us into very obscure regions, we will wish Mr. Benfey, for the present, a hearty farewell, and success to him, merely adding, that the title of the present section of his book is *Griechisches Wurzellexikon*, Berlin, G. Reimer, 1839-42.

MEDELSSOHN'S MUSIC AND THE HULLAH SINGING.

EVERY day shews more clearly the extent to which the genius of Mendelssohn is appreciated by the popular English taste, and the possibility of making the English a really *singing* nation. When the great room at Exeter Hall is crowded by a silent auditory, and some of the most difficult of choral music is sung, with scarcely a blemish, by Hullah's pupils, the old cuckoo-cry about our little capacity for the divine art may be reckoned as pretty well exploded.

The concert given the other evening under Mr. Hullah's direction was perhaps the most complete specimen of Mendelssohn's genius which has as yet been offered by any single performance. The Psalm, "O come, let us worship," a few of the "Songs without Words," a selection from his chamber vocal music, with an Ossianic scene, and the "First Walpurgis Night," displayed the versatility and peculiar powers of the great master as favourably as they have ever yet appeared in England. It was impossible to listen all through this long selection without feeling that, though Mendelssohn can hardly be put on a level with Handel or Mozart, with Palestrina or Beethoven, he has yet never been surpassed in *truth of expression* by the greatest masters. His art was with him "a language;" he uttered his thoughts, and gave vocal life to his emotions. Whether successful or not in the effort, his first and last desire was to breathe in melody and harmony the ideas which dwelt in his own mind, and which the words he set to music were framed to embody.

In all the compositions sung the other night at Exeter

Hall, there is not a note without its meaning; it is all true, real, *spiritual* music, instinct with mind and sentiment, and giving a definite formal shape to the conceptions of the composer. Of course, it is *Mendelssohn's* conception, and not that of another person; it is characteristic of the tone of his own feelings, and of that almost over-wrought sensibility and plaintive grace which pervade all that he ever wrote. It is rarely joyous, never jubilant, but always refined. The Psalm is the voice of Christian devotion; the Walpurgis Night the unenlightened, turbulent cry of pagan worship. Nothing can be more striking than the difference of the character of the two compositions; yet each is the utterance of the mind communing with a more than human power. The Psalm is full of peace; and when it mourns, it mourns without slavish fear. In the Druid songs, it is the agonising cry of darkened yet earnest idolatry that speaks in every note and chord.

The performance throughout, like its predecessors, will serve to convince many a professional chorus-singer that he must go to school again, and study the *soul* of music, if he would keep pace with Hullah's skillful amateurs. More true, more finished, more unexaggerated choral-singing, we have rarely heard. Mr. Willy's concert-band has also the singular merit of not being overloaded with brass instruments,—those banes of the English orchestra. Sterndale Bennett's playing of the "Songs without Words" was all delicacy, precision, and expression, and roused to excitement the attentive but somewhat impassive auditory; and the solo-singing was not unworthy the choral. It is impossible but that these constantly repeated entertainments should exercise a powerful influence on all classes of people who frequent them, whether as singers or listeners.

Miscellanies.

SPANISH NOVELS.

LITTLE is heard, scarcely any thing known, of the prose compositions of Spanish authors, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, the "History of Mariana," the "Mexico" of De Solis, the "Lazarillo de Tormes" of Mendoza, and the "Guzman de Alfarache" of Aleman; and yet Spain abounds in noble prose compositions, many of them being compositions which, if our literature were in a healthy state, would long since have been translated, for they only require to be known to become popular. The poetry, the romances, and especially the chivalric lore of Spain, have obtained a world-wide circulation from the labours and researches of Southey, Lockhart, and many others. Calderon, Garcilaso, Lope de Vega, are thought of, though they may not be read; whilst "The Cid" is embodied as a distinct image upon the minds of all who love to ponder over the lays of former times, and to fix their thoughts upon manners, customs, and men such as never can be restored, and never live nor move again in this world. But how comes it, that those who peruse with satisfaction the modern German novels, which are five-sixths rhapsody, and one-sixth incident; and modern French novels, which are seven-tenths incident, and three-tenths obscenity and infidelity, should never seek for (in the original, nor be catered for by translations) the charms that may be discovered in the Spanish novelists? There is not in the Spanish novels, as in the German, any fine theory for the abandonment, the neglect, or the violation of the marriage-contract. The adulterer in thought is not sanctified, nor the ruffian suicide deified. There is not in any one of the Spanish novels any thing like a Prasin murder, in all its butcherly details, depicted for the gratification, the excitement, the satisfaction, and the imitation of the reader, as may be found in so many of the modern French novels. Impurity is neither advocated, praised, nor portrayed. The worst and most degrading passions of our nature are not gloated over with fiend-like pleasure and malignity. There are few passages in them that a maiden may not read without a blush, and a man with perfect safety. Their pages are not like to those of the French and German novelists,—the portals to sin, and which none can pass through without contamination. As a body of writers, it may be affirmed of the Spanish novelists, that they have guided themselves by the maxim of Cervantes—viz. that the mind must be as carefully guarded from impure thoughts, as the sight from indecent pictures.

And here we may remark, how great a similarity there is between the French and Spanish novelists in their choice of subjects, and how widely different is their mode of treating them. Sharpers, swindlers, impostors, thieves, and their

female associates, are depicted with equal gusto by the French and Spanish novelists. The former elevate those vagabonds and worst plagues of society to the rank of heroes and heroines. The ruffian, or the robber, or the assassin, is invested by them with great and generous qualities or marvellous accomplishments; he cuts and stabs his victim as if he were performing an act worthy of imitation; their noblemen are Praslins, their gentlemen Beauvillons, and their Paris street-walker "babblers of green fields," loves lilies, admires nature, and is an unfortunate model of impropriety in action and of perfection in sentiment! Nothing can be more calculated to debauch a population than the French novels, for they place a smiling and beauteous mask over the hideous features of vice and crime; they serve to delude the reason, whilst they excite the passions, and are thus solely suited to make men miscreants, and women strumpets. Intended to demoralise France, universally read in France, they have demoralised France; and the penny translations of them, which are to be found in every cheap publication-shop, have produced already their sad results in England. There can be no doubt but that they aided in placing Hocker on the gibbet; and recent criminal trials have proved that their perusal has contaminated the minds of some of the young amongst the industrial classes.

How different is the treatment of the same subject by the Spanish novelists! Whilst the reader is amused by the description of the tricks and devices of sharpers and she-adventurers, no false colouring is cast over their actions or their motives. They are made to appear in the fanciful tale as they are in real life, odious and contemptible; and a moral is always attached to their misdeeds, so that he who peruses an account of them is likely to find, that whilst he has been amused, his virtuous principles and good resolutions, so far from being shaken, have been strengthened. Their treatment of the same topic is as different, and there is as great a contrast between them and the French novelists, in the management of the same class of characters, as there is between "Jonathan Wild," as he appears in the comic pages of Fielding, and the same "Jonathan Wild," when fancifully and melo-dramatically depicted by Mr. Ainsworth, in his mischievous and almost Gallic romance of "Jack Sheppard." A nation may not admire the genius, nor respect the manners of its neighbour, whilst experience has proved that popular prejudices are never sufficiently strong to prevent it from imitating the frivolities or from practising the vices of the foreigner.—*Dublin Review*.

TURNER AND CANALETTI.—The trustees of the National Gallery, in selecting for exhibition a single picture, Turner's "View of Venice," from the Vernon Collection, and placing it immediately under another "View of Venice" by Canaletti, will contrast the two painters in a way for which we suspect the admirers of Canaletti will render them small thanks. It is said that one purpose aimed at by this choice of a solitary picture from the entire gallery is designed to shew the necessity of finding another building adequate to the reception of the whole of Mr. Vernon's munificent gift. A further benefit will, however, we think, accrue to English art, if the juxtaposition of the two paintings opens people's eyes to the merits of Turner and the demerits of Canaletti, and shews them that there are "more things in the earth and air" of Venice than were dreamt of by the old Italian master.

PORTRAIT OF MR. WATERTON ON AN ALLIGATOR.—Of all the pictures in the house, the general visitor will be most attracted by the one painted by Captain Johnson, a friend of Mr. Waterton, and which represents the "hero of the wilds and forests of Guiana" bareheaded, stripped to his checked shirt, and, as his wont, barefooted, riding across the back of an alligator, and holding on by his fore-legs or paws, crossed over its neck, and thus breaking the resistance of the monster, who is drawn along by one British sailor, and several red-ochred Indians from the lagune in which it had taken the bait into its stomach. Some Indians are looking on, under the cover of tufted trees, in a state of great apprehension and alarm, and seem ready to give 'leg-bail' should the rope break. The hook and the rope are preserved in the same frame. Captain Johnson has introduced into this extraordinary picture all the beautiful birds of South America captured or shot during his wanderings by Mr. Waterton. Opposite this pictorial record of Mr. Waterton's daring deed, you see the identical monster alligator itself in a glass case, looking tremendously fierce. A little above this gentle inhabitant of the lagune is a terrific monster of the forests of Guiana—a boa-constrictor—one of the largest, if not the very largest, ever met with. Mr. Waterton found it asleep, and, with his wonted daring, drove a spear through its neck and pinned it to the ground, and manfully accomplished the victory over it, notwithstanding its mighty struggles and dangerous gyrations.—W. M. K., in *Gentleman's Magazine*.

PICTURE-CHEATS.—To the tricks of picture-dealers we

have to add the following:—A notorious maker of old masters, who has generally a modern artist of renown for sale, was a short time ago at Norwich, where he exhibited a very beautiful "Etty," for which he demanded a large sum. A gentleman took the bait, offered "pounds instead of guineas," and the offer was declined. Next day, however, the gentleman resolved upon the purchase; but on application to the vender, he was much chagrined to find the picture upon which he had set his heart had been "just sold." Upon further inquiry, he learned that "perhaps" the purchaser—a connoisseur and shoemaker in the vicinity—might be induced to part with his bargain "for a reasonable bonus." Of course, under this arrangement, the picture was soon transferred to the custody of the "lucky" gentleman. Not long afterwards, however, he discovered he had been robbed; that the picture was a forgery, Mr. Etty never having seen it. Upon threatening proceedings against the dealer, the gentleman was coolly informed that his remedy was not against the dealer, but against the shoemaker, from whom the picture had been bought. It is needless to add, that the shoemaker had not a sixpence in the world beyond his share of the plunder, and that application to the law was out of the question.—*Art-Union Journal*.

THE LAST NEW SCHEME FOR THE REGENERATION OF MANKIND.—A public meeting is about to be held in the townhall, Birmingham, for the purpose of promoting a movement which is warmly espoused by the Rev. Dr. Marsh of Leamington, the Rev. W. Wight, and other ministers and gentlemen, with the view of founding a temperance colony or parish, for the purpose of shewing the beneficial tendencies of abstinence from the drinking customs of society. The subject is, at all events, entitled to the claim of novelty. It is proposed to obtain, as early as practicable, a railway station on one of the principal lines in some central and eligible part of the kingdom, and if possible where a fresh population is springing up, or a new district where a church and schools are required, then to take the necessary steps for securing the appointment of this district in perpetuity to five trustees. A school is then to be immediately erected, and licensed for divine service on Sundays; and as their funds augment, the trustees are to proceed to the erection of a church, parsonage, schools, and college. Should any great difficulty occur in the way of getting a railway station or new district, then the trustees are to take measures to obtain the *advowson* of a parish eligibly situated for their experiment. To this district or parish the trustees (the projector having the first appointment) will nominate as the minister a clergyman who will set the people the example of entire abstinence from all the drinking customs of society, and of banishing all intoxicating drinks from their houses. He will appoint to the schools masters and mistresses carrying out the same principle, and prepared on suitable occasions to impress upon the children the importance of never acquiring a taste for such beverages. This principle will be characteristic of the entire institution; and thus all holding office will be selected from parties opposed to the drinking usages of society, and who will discountenance them in their families and among their friends. The above arrangement is to continue not during the first incumbency only, but in perpetuity; the five trustees (being themselves by qualification abstainers) are of course engaged to observe this important feature throughout the institution.

QUAKER OPINION OF JOHN BRIGHT.—Our deep respect for many Quakers will not beguile us into a fulsome conceit of the elevating and purgative powers of Quakerism. They are men of like passions with ourselves; they may be seen in Mark Lane and on the Exchange, and pursue their wealth and enjoy it with similar zeal and relish. Nor are they fully weaned from the rougher and more stimulating diet of political ambition. One of them, however, must have imbibed the humanising influence of "thou and thee," since the friend who knew him best not long ago declared, that "if John Bright had not been born a Quaker, he would most assuredly have become a prize-fighter."—*Quarterly Review*.

A DAME-SCHOOLMISTRESS.—The mistress of a dame-school, when lately examined by the Education Commissioners, on being asked whether she instructed the little boys in morals, replied, "No, indeed; morals were only fit for girls." Then on being asked how many pupils she had, she replied she did not know. The Commissioners expressed surprise, and asked, had she never counted them? To which her indignant answer was, "No, indeed; she had read her Bible, and knew what David had suffered for counting his people."

To Correspondents.

"S. J. N." The suggestion shall be attended to as soon as practicable.

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